

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

(*) Mr. D. J. Hill, Argus Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

(*) VOLNEY B. PALMER is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

(*) WILLIAM THOMPSON, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, AUG. 27, 1850.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

As the Courts are now being held in the several counties in this District, we appeal to our friends to exert themselves in behalf of the Pioneer, and endeavor to increase its circulation. A little effort only is required to do a great deal of good, and we trust that such effort will be made.

We are indebted to the Hon. H. A. Haralson, of Georgia, for a copy of his speech on the Territorial question, delivered in the House of Representatives on the 10th inst.

We have received from the author a neat pamphlet copy of an address delivered before the Literary Societies of Wake Forest College, June 13, 1850, entitled "A Knowledge of the Bible essential to complete Scholarship," by C. R. Hendrickson, of this town. It is well written, and the subject is handled with ability.

EDENTON HOTEL.—The traveler will find this a comfortable and agreeable stopping place. Having enjoyed the hospitality of the attentive and obliging proprietor, we can recommend his accommodations to the traveling public.—See advertisement in another column.

CONGRESS.

The SENATE have done little of moment during the past week.

The House have been engaged in disposing of the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, in which they have made some progress. Mutual distrust prevails among the members as to action on the important bills received from the Senate, and all seem afraid of taking hold of them. Great excitement exists, though the Washington Union of Thursday says that "a better spirit seems to pervade both Houses—that on Monday next, probably, the house will begin to act on the bill from the Senate, and that it is believed by many, that the measures will pass, without the Wilmot Proviso."

Many of the advocates of the former scheme, (the Missouri Compromise,) among whom we number our neighbor of the "Pioneer," take their stand on that line and proceed: "this plan we of us, is the only one we will accept; give it to us or we will dissolve the Union. You, who advocate the Compromise measure, are base 'sublimationists' and 'traitors to the South.'"

The above, from the "Old North State" of Saturday, is a 'base' forgery. We never used the language imputed to us; and if that paper had been actuated by a spirit of candor and fairness, it would have quoted our remarks correctly, and not garbled and perverted them to suit its own unhallowed purposes.

RELEASE OF THE CONTOY PRISONERS.—The Contoy prisoners belonging to the late Cuban expedition under Gen. Lopez, have been liberated.

The House of Representatives have settled the mode of computing the mileage of members. The principle adopted is to calculate the mileage by the mail route, instead of the "usually travelled route."

THE JENNY LIND SONG.—Barnum has offered a premium of \$200 for the best song typifying Jenny Lind's "Welcome to America," as desired by her. The Committee to decide are Messrs. George Ripley, Jules Benedict, Lewis Gaylord Clark, J. S. Redfield, and Geo. P. Putnam. The songs to be addressed to the Committee, by the 1st September, box No. 2,743, Post Office, New York.

Will not some of our Elizabeth City bards enter the lists for this premium?

THE PORTUGUESE QUESTION.—A letter from Washington says:

"The Portuguese question is settled. Portugal pays all the claims of our citizens, save that of the General Armstrong, in full, and submits that to the arbitration of a third power, to which the United States consents. The King of Sweden will, in all probability, be the happy man."

The steam saw mill of Messrs. Webster & Anderson, Wilmington, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday last—loss \$18,000—insurance \$11,000.

A PRESENT.—The wife of President Fillmore is about to be presented with a magnificent coach by a few friends in New York State, in honor of her being the first lady from the State of New York, who presided over the honors of the White House at Washington.

As you think, said a young swell, a few days since, addressing a julep that was before him, "if you think that I am going to drink you, why you'll get sicked in—that's all!" and without further ceremony, he suited the action to the word.

THE "OLD NORTH STATE" ADMITS THE WILMOT PROVISIO TO BE CONSTITUTIONAL.

The "Old North State" of Saturday devotes nearly three columns to a personal and vituperative attack upon the editor of this paper, and to an attempted refutation of our article of last week. A considerable portion of this attack is occupied with clownish witticisms which a twelve-year-old school-boy would "laugh to scorn"—vulgar allusions which could only emanate from a little mind, and indecent comparisons which nothing but the desperation of their author's position could justify or palliate. The various meaningless sentences which are scattered throughout the article "thick as autumnal leaves in Valambrosa's shades"—and the pitiful resort which is made to sundry illiberal expressions for the purpose of exciting prejudice against itself—such as "first families," and many others,—are so supremely contemptible as to be beneath our notice. If we cannot fight our editorial battles upon high and honorable grounds, we will at least refuse to descend to a filthy pool of billingsgate to be besmeared with mud. We, therefore, pass them by as unworthy of our consideration, and disgusting to the refined sensibilities of an intelligent community.

But there are one or two points in the article of the "Old North State," which we desire to notice, because we believe them, if acquiesced in by the Whig party, to be eminently dangerous to the permanency of our Union and the continuance of our free institutions. We premise by expressing the confident opinion that the sentiments contained in that article will not meet with the approbation of the people in this district—we mean of either party.

In this opinion we are in a great measure sustained by the editor of the "Old North State," who says: "We do not wish to be understood as expressing the opinions of any persons or party. The opinions are our own, and we alone are responsible for them. We know that we differ from many of our own political party." We should be sorry, indeed, to know that the sentiments uttered were entertained by "any persons or party" at the South—and, differing widely as we do with the Whig party, upon party questions, we are yet unwilling to believe that they are so unpatrician—so wanting in a proper regard to the honor of the South and to their own interests—ever to endorse or countenance the sentiments of the "Old North State" upon this subject. But to the main argument.

The "Old North State" admits the CONSTITUTIONALITY of the odious Wilmot Proviso. "We cannot concur in opinion with those who deny the power of Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery in the Territories—the right to acquire, we think, conveys the right to govern." While we admit the constitutional power of Congress to pass the "Wilmot Proviso," &c.

Here, then, is a direct admission on the part of the "Old North State" that the Wilmot Proviso is constitutional.—This admission sweeps from under us the only plank upon which we could safely stand in this trying emergency, which we shall undertake to prove by the language of the "Old North State" itself. Once give the North the constitutional right to perpetrate this gross outrage, and you would soon find out that their morals were not too pure to exercise that right. The "Old North State" assumes this identical position, when it says—

"We believe and know, that the Abolitionists of the North for years have been disposed, if they had the power to trample on the South, to crush her and to use all means, at their command, to abolish slavery."

Now, what is the result? Let us see. It is admitted that the constitution confers the power to abolish slavery in the Territories, and the "Old North State" "knows" that the "Abolitionists of the North have been disposed, if they had the power, to trample upon the South, to crush her, and to use all means at their command to abolish slavery." Well, then, if the Abolitionists have the constitutional right to abolish slavery, and also have a will and disposition to exercise that right, (both of which propositions are assumed by the "Old North State,") does it not follow as a necessary consequence, that if they should do so we of the South would be deprived of every mean of redress? According to the position taken by the "Old North State," what right have we to resist the enactment of a constitutional provision? If a law be constitutional, the only other question is as to its expediency; and if a majority in Congress should declare it expedient, would not the minority be compelled to submit? Most undoubtedly—and if this Proviso should be passed, the South would have no other alternative but to submit, no matter how many wry faces she might make in swallowing the nauseating dose.

But the "Old North State" says "we would warn, earnestly warn, our Northern brethren not to pass this Proviso." If a man was kicked, he should "warn" the aggressor not to do it; and if kicked again, he should "earnestly warn" his aggressor not to do it; and so on until he was "warned" and "earnestly warned," but still permitted himself to be kicked to death! We have tried "warning"

long enough—and our warnings have never done any good; nay, supposing we would do nothing more than "warn," our "Northern brethren" have grown more and more insolent until there is no limit to their unjust pretensions. And that paper admits that the North have no moral or conscientious scruples on the subject; for he says he "knows" that they have been "disposed" for years, to "crush" the South. Why, then, weaken ourselves in senseless efforts to "warn" the North, when past experience proves that our warnings are disregarded, and when we "know" that the North have been, and are now, disposed to crush us?

In concluding this branch of our argument, we draw these inevitable conclusions from the language of the "Old North State," viz:

1. The Wilmot Proviso is constitutional.

2. The North are "disposed" to pass it.

3. If they should pass it, we shall have to submit.

These are fair deductions from the premises, and we appeal to that great "bar of public opinion" to which we are amenable, whether they will sanction and endorse the sentiments of the "Old North State" as thus laid down, or whether they will vindicate the rights of the South, deny the constitutionality of this infamous Proviso; and refuse to submit to become mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for our Northern masters. Gen. Cass, though living in a free State denies this power to Congress—but the editor of the "Old North State," living in a slaveholding State, admits it!

There is another point in the article of the "Old North State," the fallacy of which we desire to expose. That paper says:—

"While we admit the constitutional power of Congress to pass the Wilmot Proviso," we do not hesitate to declare it equally as our opinion that it would be a great abuse of power—a direct insult to the South, and would justify all constitutional means of retaliation. Such means exist and, in such a case, they might with great propriety be employed."

To say that that sacred instrument, the Constitution, deliberately and solemnly confers a power upon the North to insult the South, is to defame its illustrious authors, and yield to the North a right which, for one, we are not willing to concede. As to its "justifying all constitutional means of retaliation," (which means, the "Old North State" says exist and might with great propriety be employed,) we know of no constitutional means of resisting an enactment constitutional in itself, except by a vote in Congress; and it is universally known that the North can outvote us, and therefore that means is utterly ineffectual.—But we deny that the constitution of our country confers the right upon the North to give "a direct insult" to the South.—We are equals under that instrument, and the Southern States would never have consented to become parties to a compact which contained any such humiliating and debasing conditions.

LATE FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamers Philadelphia and Crescent City arrived at New York last week, bringing about \$2,000,000 in gold.—Highly flattering accounts continue to be received of new and abundant discoveries of gold in Oregon. In the California mines, the miners have been very successful, and we see by the advices that a single lump of gold weighing thirty pounds had been dug out of the dry diggings. The owners had been offered \$10,000 for it, but refused the offer, and were exhibiting it at 50 cents a head. These encouraging accounts will keep the fever up. The greatest activity prevails among the miners.

In the San Francisco market, Flour, Pork and Beans are advancing in price; Lumber is also in good demand at improved prices. Real estate is in good demand at full prices. The money-market continues easy, and the rate of discount ranges from 8 to 10 per cent.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM.

Elections were held in Virginia on Thursday last for delegates to the Convention which meets in October next to re-model the existing constitution of that State. Complete returns have been received from the Norfolk district, (composed of the counties of Norfolk and Princess Anne, and the city of Norfolk,) from which it appears that Sam'l Watts, John Petty and John Tunis, (Whigs,) and A. R. Smith and Tazewell Taylor, (Democrats,) have been elected.

In the Richmond district, Messrs. R. G. Scott, James Lyons, John M. Botts, W. M. Meredith and R. C. Starnard, are supposed to be elected, though the returns are incomplete—and H. Davis is likely to succeed in filling the other seat. All these gentlemen are Reformers. A full anti-Reform ticket was also run. In the Accomac and Northampton district, Finney and Wise are elected.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

To feed the land before it is hungry, to give it rest before it is weary, and to weed it before it becomes foul, are the best evidences of farming.

DUTY OF THE SOUTH.

We of the South feel—and deeply feel—the weight of Northern aggression; still we pay tribute to the North. We are conscious of the wrongs inflicted upon us, yet seek to apply no practical remedy to the evil. Notwithstanding we are the objects of their unmitigated injury, they are supplied by our own hands with the main elements of that superiority which they claim over us.

It is high time that the Southern people were bethinking themselves of a remedy for all these evils, and learning the North a lesson more than all the paper bulletins issued within a whole century. The North depend upon us as a market for their manufactured fabrics—their watering places and hotels are supported by Southern capital, and their cities built up on the proceeds of Southern labor. This is all wrong—worse than suicidal. If Southern men would bring those of the North to a sense of propriety and a due recognition of our civil and political rights under the constitution, let them withhold their contributions—refuse to deal with the North, and spend their money in the South.—Instead of visiting the watering-places of the North, to be insulted and abused, let them patronize those in their own vicinity, every way as eligible and pleasant—instead of building up large cities in the North, let them build up their own—instead of enriching Northern millionaires, let them encourage their own merchants. The effect of such a course would be immediately perceptible. Manufacturing establishments would soon spring up among us—and, instead of being dependent on the North for our fabrics, the raw material which we now have to send to the North at a heavy expense, could be manufactured at home, ready for consumption—a new impetus given to our growth and prosperity, and a spirit of self-reliance created which could not fail to redound to our great advantage. And just in proportion as we confined our capital within our own limits, in the same proportion would the North feel the loss of her most valuable customer, and give evidences of a returning sense of propriety. Such a policy is demanded at the present crisis not only by our own self-respect, but by every dictate of common sense and interest. Why go to the North to spend our money, when we should soon be able to lay it out to as great advantage at home? Why pay the North to abuse, vilify and slander us? Why feed them at the time that they are putting their foot upon our necks? Why lick the hand that smites us? On the other hand, why not assert our independence—build our own ships—manufacture our own raw material, and establish a direct trade with foreign countries? Do this, and barren wastes would blossom as the rose—thrift take the place of adversity, and happiness be increased in a compound ratio.

On this subject, we clip the following sensible views from the Savannah Georgian, which we commend to the attentive perusal of our readers:

LET US PREPARE FOR OUR OWN PROTECTION.

While the North is waging the fiery elements of disaffection against our institutions, we, in turn, are burning the fundamental sources of her strength by our own acts. The spirit of disaffection is abroad—the evils are apparent—how shall we avert them? Like many other evils, we see them politically, but the inconsistency of our own acts only adds to perpetuate them. Our dependence on the North for the products of her mechanic arts naturally leads us to enquire how far its effects operate upon our political position. We have heretofore alluded to the encouragement and elevation of the mechanic arts as one of the greatest sources to promote the interests of our State. The preference which we have heretofore given to the products of Northern work shops, has undoubtedly retarded the development of our own resources—has kept many a proficient mechanic from his State, and has operated against elevating the character of mechanical pursuits. Whatever may be the relative estimation in which professional and mechanical occupations are held by the public, it is nevertheless true that the political strength of a State depends upon the extent of domestic industry, and in accordance with the encouragement given to our own mechanics are the resources of our State brought out—our own dependence upon another State lessened—our population increased, and the great resources of a State made to diffuse its prosperity.

The subject is one which has already begun to attract the attention of Georgia, and should be deliberated upon by every man having the interest of the State at heart. Georgia has already felt the benefits of encouraging manufactures, by the praiseworthy manner in which she has established cotton factories. Her prospects in this enterprise have brightened from time to time. Obstacles which seemed a barrier to success have been dispelled, and their present prosperous condition has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations. There is yet a wide field open for improvement, and we should seek, by every channel, to raise the standard of mechanical labor, which invites the skillful mechanic abroad, and improves the road to competition with the workshops of the North. The crude material for manufacturing almost every article we import for domestic use, is within the resources of our own State; and however much we may believe in the reciprocity of trade, the necessity for concentrating and bringing out the means of our own independence is too apparent to be disregarded. Our position is such, that with the proper administration of our means, we can establish

our own defence against the aggressions of the North. England feels and groans under her dependence upon us for the staple of her plantations, and with a proper course on our part, the North may, ere long, be made to feel the same.

The love of State is engendered and extended by the proficiency in which we produce the different specimens of our mechanical arts, and why should we withhold that encouragement so essential to our own greatness? Do we know that in proportion to every article we import from the North, we encourage her strength and diminish our own? We doubt our own capacity and acknowledge her superiority. "We give her the means to increase her population, and aid to her political power, while we depreciate our own resources. Who that cannot see the workshops of New England sending forth their wealth and power and controlling the political voice of the State? But who furnishes the principal support of this power? It is the South. Can any one doubt this who has ever visited the extensive workshops of Massachusetts, and found the operatives busily engaged on some article for the Southern market? The shoe business, which is next to cotton in amount in Massachusetts, sends five eighths of its manufactures to a Southern market. It is possible then for us to estimate the combined influences which our dependence for the different manufactured articles exerts against us?

But we need not go North for the evidence to show how far we encourage their workshops, to the prejudice of our own. Go to our warehouses and find many domestic manufactures can you find on the packages? Go to our Railroads and examine that mighty construction of man's imagination, (the locomotive,) you will find the builder's name identified with Philadelphia, Patterson, N. J., or Massachusetts—turn to the cars, and you will find them the same. Examine our steamboats, many of them must show a Northern certificate before their superiority can be established; and to think of building a ship in Georgia, would be deemed by many as the most visionary project to attempt, notwithstanding the North is dependent upon us for the principal material to complete the hull. Is not this virtually libelling the skill of our own mechanics, and acknowledging our incapacity to compete? We see the terrors of disunion and confront them with words, while our acts strengthen the power that is against us.

It has always been the policy of the North to repress and discourage all attempts of manufacturing enterprise of the South. She estimates its value to herself, and accredits its own greatness to its encouragement. She well knows if Southern success in its own manufactures was established, her dependence on the South for the raw material would place her in a singular position. While the South was producing the raw material at her own door, she could also be her own manufacturer, and thus be doubly prepared for any issue.

IMPORTANT FROM RIO JANEIRO.

BURNING OF FOUR VESSELS.—The N. Y. Evening Post learns, from Mr. W. T. Jones, that a few days before he sailed from Rio Janeiro, news had reached that place that the British Admiral at that station, with the British steamer Cormorant, had entered the port of Paraguará and burnt four Brazilian vessels. The fort opened a fire on the steamer and killed four of her men. It was supposed the Admiral had received instructions from home to suppress the slave trade. There was a great excitement at Rio Janeiro, caused by this incident, and it was thought it would lead to some difficulty between the Brazilians and British. The sickness had nearly subsided when the barque sailed on the 6th of July.

ANTICIPATED DUEL.—A duel is talked of between Gen. Wallace, of South Carolina, and Gen. Houston, of Texas, caused, it is said, by a personal and abusive letter written by Wallace, who charges Gen. Houston with declaring in a speech in the Senate, that he (Wallace) and Mr. Calhoun, originated the Nashville Convention. The letter of Gen. Wallace is lengthy and exceedingly severe on Gen. Houston—concluding with the following paragraph:

"If I sir, in conclusion, felt authorized to offer you a word of counsel at parting, I would tell you in all sincerity to retire at once from the gaze of the world, from whose sentence of reprobation, you can never be relieved, and to the society of which your presence can impart no value." "Posterity, if it should condescend to notice you, will be at a loss, whether to assign you the rank of a knave or a fool. The present generation who are better acquainted with your qualities, will be at a loss to determine, that you possess in your person and character, the most extraordinary combination of both. As you cannot then, sir, hope to reverse this sentence, retire to merited obscurity, and devote the few remaining days allotted you under the sun, in preparing yourself by repentance for a coming hour, when you must yield up a title which you have spent without adorning or dignifying a single virtue which stamps a man, as either good, wise or great."

A SCAPE GOAT.—A person in Largo who had heard it affirmed that rats would dishabit premises where a goat was kept, had the curiosity to try the experiment, though with little faith in the recommended antidote. Accordingly, one of these long-bearded mountaineers was procured, and lodged in the premises, when very unexpectedly the long-tailed, ugly devouring vermin, suddenly decamped. The goat has been kept for many months, and nothing in the shape of a rat is now seen near the premises. Some may be apt to class this affair among the ridiculous, but we have been told it is a reality; and surely this mode of making rats fit is as simple as it is singular.—Northern (Scotland) Warden.

What kind of essence does a young man want when he pops the question? Acquiescence.

There is a man down East so very conscientious that he puts all his flower pots out every night, so determined is he that every thing shall have its due.

For the Democratic Pioneer.

Mr. BRITTON.—The Editor of the "Old North State," writing under the lash so severely applied by yourself, and unable to maintain the position assumed upon the slavery question, to cover his retreat, branches off in a slanderous attack upon the Democratic party. Hear him:

"All minor considerations—such as Slavery, interests of the South, &c., must field and become subservient to that higher consideration—the success of party. Is General Cass the candidate of the party, the Nicholson Letter is the standard of Democratic principles on the Slavery question? Do the Democrats and Free-soilers unite to defeat the election of a Whig, conservative though he be on this subject, and Democracy shouts victory. Is a Wilmot Provisoist a candidate for the gubernatorial chair of North Carolina? No stone is left unturned to secure his election. Is he elected? Shouts of Victory are heard from the seaboard to the mountains."

What the question at issue between yourself and the "Old North State" Editor has to do with the positions heretofore assumed by the Democratic party upon the matters in question, I am at a loss to determine. The slavery question has never been considered a party measure, and surely the means of adjustment is a matter upon which the members of the same party may honestly differ, and certainly the opposite ones, without having their names impugned.

The "Old North State" appeals to the "Pioneer" to join him in support of the bill of the Committee of Thirteen. The Pioneer declines, preferring what he considers the honor of the South and the safety of the Union demands—a stand upon the line of the "Disunion Compromise." This independence does not chime in with the dictatorial spirit of this sapient Editor, and he (the Editor of the Pioneer) is forthwith denounced as making every thing subservient to party triumphs—or, in other words, that he is willing to sacrifice at the shrine of party, every interest, however dear to the South—every principle, sacred though it be. Does he stay here? No; but launches forth poisonous arrows in a paragraph of slander and misrepresentation of the Democratic party, accusing them of a course of conduct which he should have known there was not the slightest shadow of truth to sustain. So long as the discussion was confined to the question first in issue between your two worthy selves, it was the pleasure of others to be readers, not writers; but when the matter in dispute is thrown to the winds, and a large and respectable party is made the subject of a trade of abuse and vituperation, any member of the party assailed may feel himself at liberty to enter the lists, and defend his party as best he may.

What the Editor of a Whig press can be doing, prefiguring such charges as those in question against the opposite party, it may be fairly presumed that he is possessed of a memory by no means lengthy—that he is regardless of public opinion, or that he is a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. One of the three must be the natural inference in view of the serpentine course of the Whig party for a period embracing only the last ten years.

All minor considerations—such as Slavery, interests of the South, &c., must field and become subservient to that higher consideration—the success of party."

Did the Editor speak from experience when he penned the above paragraph? Was the memorable campaign of 1850, with all its scenes, rich, rare and beautiful, haunting his imagination, with the ghosts of murdered souls in the background? Had "sad memory brought back the scenes of other days," when a cider barrel was considered a fair representation of Whig principle—a locust, a worthy object of Whig admiration, and a pepper pod, a sound and logical opinion, capable of being from a Whig audience, about that would "make the walking stick?" Not so. Slavery, interests of the South, &c., were not in this long-to-be-remembered (with shame) campaign made "subservient to that higher consideration—the success of party." They (good, honest souls!) never abandon their principles—never.

I may, perhaps, have gone too far back, and the Editor was confining himself to a contemplation of the position of the Whig party previous to the appearance of that formidable miscreant known as the anti-Texas letter of the great immautable leader—Clay—when they (the Whig party) presented the appearance of a well drilled company awaiting the command of their leader to "fall in." He might perchance have been dwelling with admiration upon the precision and alacrity that characterized the movement when the words "into line" fell upon the ears.

Again, I may be wrong, and that great tormentor of the doers of evil—conscience, may have brought before him the Southern Whig votes by which the real author of the mis-called "Wilmot Proviso"—Winthrop, was elected Speaker of the House, and the loud hallooings sent up by Southern Whigs at the result.

The eight Southern Whig votes that defeated the "Clayton Compromise" may have exerted a slight influence in producing the conclusions that "Slavery, Southern interests, &c., should 'yield to the higher consideration—the success of party.'" Possible it may be that I am yet on the wrong trail, and the Editor's mind may have reverted to the entire abandonment of all the issues that had previously divided the parties—their holy horror at the increase of "party spirit," and the yielding of minor considerations—such as Slavery, interests of the South, &c., to that higher consideration, the getting into the Presidential chair, by hook or by crook, of a Whig occupant—in the running of Gen. Taylor as a no-party candidate.

These things have no doubt haunted his imagination until he wishes to give the quietus to his conscience by reasoning himself into the belief that others have been guilty of the same. Does it not cap the climax of absurdity, to hear the organ of a party, which, as you have justly observed, have boxed the political compass—are as changeable as a weather-cock—a party that have "stooped to conquer," regardless of the distance the stoop required—a party that have hesitated at no change however miraculous

—that have never fought two consecutive battles upon the same platform—that raise issues previous to an election to be dissipated after—and, Leave not a wreck behind!"

A party that have been guilty of the grossest inconsistencies, preferring charges against the Democratic party, such as those contained in the extract above? Oh! shame, where is thy blush! The "Old North State" certainly does not intend to find fault with the "Nicholson Letter?" Had he read the confidential organ—the "Republic"—he would have discovered the doctrine of non-intervention, as there laid down and claimed for the President's plan, is urged by that journal as contained in that letter, and which the Old North State prefers, should the committee's bill be defeated.

The "Old North State" affects to believe that Reid is a Wilmot Provisoist, because he voted for the Oregon bill, upon which was engrained a provision prohibiting slavery three hundred miles north of the line of 36° 30'; and yet this editor professes to be the friend of the South, and would urge the adoption of a bill that, according to the declaration of a Northern man, (Mr. Webster,) yields all the North could desire. I have too high an estimate of the intelligence of the Editor of that paper to believe that he entertains the shadow of a doubt of Reid's soundness upon this question; but, with him, all "must yield to that higher consideration—the success of party."

Men who shout victory at the election of such persons as Slade of Vermont, Seward of New York, and others equally steeped in fanaticism, should never reflect upon the shouts that hail the election of such a man as Reid of North Carolina.

THE PROTEST.—Hon. R. M. T. Hunter

was permitted to amend the Southern Protest by the following additional paragraph, in the Senate, on Thursday: "Because the admission of California as a state into the Union, without any previous reservation assented to by her of the public domain, might involve an actual surrender of that domain to, or at all events, places its future disposal at the mercy of that State, and as no reservation in the bill can be binding upon her until she assents to it, her dissent thereafter would in no manner affect or impair the act of her admission."

MURDER.—The Newbern Republican gives an account of a murder perpetrated in Lenoir, by John Tilghman, on his uncle, Joseph Tilghman, Jr., shooting him down and then beating him over the head with the butt of his gun. The cause is understood to be some domestic feud. The murderer has been arrested.

ELECTION FOR GOVERNOR.


Official Vote.

There are 79 counties in this State—Catawba and Gaston vote with Lincoln; McDowell with Burke; Union with McDowell; Alamance with Orange; Forsythe with Stokes; Watauga with Ashe and Alexander with Wilkes, Iredell and Caldwell; and, as the votes of these counties are thus included, they are named in the following table:

	1848.	1850.
Ansion	1949	400
Ahe	351	783
Beaufort	837	512
Bertie	524	380
Bladen	241	516
Brunswick	301	194
Buncombe	921	644
Burke	1299	396
Cabarrus	713	377
Caldwell	589	138
Camden	439	80
Carteret	408	355
Caswell	203	1081
Chatham	615	781
Cherokee	582	217
Chowan	293	228
Cleveland	421	727
Columbus	174	440
Craven	742	730
Cumberland	578	1023
Currituck	177	833
Davidson	1086	669
Davie	542	391
Duplin	218	921
Edgecombe	104	1406
Franklin	319	673
Gates	371	390
Greene	297	315
Granville	1016	945
Guilford	1567	412
Halifax	601	407
Haywood	412	430
Henderson	656	227
Hertford	330	173
Hyde	469	298
Iredell	1376	458
Johnston	720	814
Jones	215	181
Lenoir	196	455
Lincoln	832	1877
Macon	491	332
Martin	339	537
Mecklenburg	1068	610
Moore	544	556
Montgomery	609	887
Nash	106	887
New Hanover	275	1015
Northampton	512	500
Onslow	176	663
Orange	1714	1726
Pasquotank	471	176
Perquimans	366	265
Person	360	578
Pitt	589	571
Randolph	1199	131
Richmond	545	68
Robeson	581	623
Rockingham	340	968
Rowan	827	696
Rutherford	1265	439
Sampson	530	692
Stanly	746	26
Stokes	1003	1223
Surry	1090	1236
Tyrell	386	106
Wake	930	1283
Warren	172	630
Washington	358	182
Wayne	264	1097
Wilkes	1299	309
Yancy	337	634
Total	42,536	41,682
	41,682	38,003
	854	3,785

NORFOLK ADVERTISEMENTS.

STEVENS & BUTT,
HAT AND CAP MANUFACTURERS,
No. 5, Market Square, Norfolk, Va.,
Dealers in Furs, Panama, Lephorn
and Straw Goods of every description,
also Umbrellas and Canes in great va-
riety.

 Always on hand a large stock, wholesale and
retail.
Best prices paid for Raccoon, Mink, and
Other Skins. Aug. 6

WILLIAM M. MARCUS,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Norfolk, Virginia,
AND AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
OIL AND CANDLES.
From the Nantuxet and New Bedford Factories.

M'KENNEY & BAIRD,
DEALERS

(Cf- Offices in Newton's Row, on Main street, and
 door from Pegram, Foyner & Co., *op stairs.*
DALY & VEESEY,
 GROCERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS
 CAMPBELLS WHARF, NORFOLK.
 (Cf- Liberal advances made on all consignments
 of produce. Aug. 6
S. O. MERWIN.
 FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE
 MANUFACTURER,
 Main Street, Norfolk, Virginia.
JESSE H. SIKES,
 SASH, BLIND & DOOR MANUFACTURER,
 Talbot St., Norfolk, Va.,
WOULD respectfully invite the attention of
 the merchants and citizens of North Caro-
 lina, adjacent to Elizabeth City, Hertford, Edin-
 gton and Plymouth, to his extensive Establishment,
 where he is prepared to execute all orders in his
 line at the lowest prices, and best manner and
 upon the most accommodating terms. He flatters
 himself that he can make it to the interest of
 those who visit his place, to do so, by a saving
 of 25 per cent., to forward their orders in the

dedges himself to use his utmost exertions to give entire satisfaction.

Orders will be held with Mr. Caleb Sikes, of Elizabeth City, and will be immediately forwarded and promptly attended to.

Aug 6

ETHAN ALLEN,
EDGE TOOL MANUFACTURER,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE CUSTON HOUSE,
Norfolk, Virginia.

KEEPS constantly on hand a large supply of **EDGE TOOLS**, which are warranted to **GLAD** tools.

OLD TOOLS repaired and warranted same as new—and all orders promptly and faithfully executed.

Aug. 6—6m

TO FISHERMEN.

NORFOLK PATENT CORDAGE FACTORY.

THE subscribers take this occasion to present themselves again to the Fishermen of North Carolina, and to inform them that they have the same rope, and scine twine of the best description.

The experience of many years in manufacturing cordage for the use of the Navy of the United States as well as the Fisheries, enables them to say that they are fully acquainted with the quality of all the different kinds of twine and rope used by the Fishermen.

and that the entire success of their manufacture for the past year, whenever and wherever brought into operation, was that of the most successful. It is the assertion that they have and can supply the fishermen, with as good an article and on as favorable terms as can be obtained elsewhere.

It is desirable that all orders should be forwarded at the earliest date that the rope may if not at once be ready to examine, and returned without extra charge.

Country Merchants furnished at the following prices, for the quantity of 1000 Oakum, received in exchange at a liberal rate.

Norfolk, Aug 6, 1851. PLUM & CO.

FOR
50 BBLs. City of Norfolk, Va. 20 du. rimp; and 40 du. prime, for sale at S. S. RIGGS, Provision Dealer, Norfolk, Va.
Aug. 6—11

DRIED BEEF & BEEF TONGUES
200 lbs. of dried Beef, and 100 beef Tongues, just received and for sale low at the Provision Depot, No. 2, Campbell's wharf, Norfolk, Va.
Aug 6, 1851. S. S. RIGGS.

PICKLES, &c.—75 jars of Pickles; 25 bot of Pickled Cucumber, Walnut and Tomato; also Pepper Sauce, to be found at the Provision Depot, No. 2, Campbell's wharf, Norfolk, Va.
Aug 6, 1851. S. S. RIGGS.

No. 2 Campbell's wharf, Norfolk, Va.
Aug. 6—*ft* S. S. CRIGGS.

SUNDRIES.

100 BBL'S. of Family Flour, 50 do s'fine
and 25 do cross middlings, for sale low
at the Provision Store, S. S. CRIGGS.

No. 2, Campbell's wharf, Norfolk, Va.
Aug. 6—*ft*

THOMAS B. IRWIN,
NO. 10, ROANOKE SQUIRE,
NORFOLK, VA.

HAS just received from New York the follow-
ing desirable articles, which he offers for
sale on accommodating terms:

James Hennessey & Co., Old, Dupuy & C^o, J.
& F. Martell & Co., FINE DUCK BRANDIES—
in half pipes, vintage of 1845 and 1847.

A. Segnoitte Brandy, in half and quarter pipes.

Superior Port, W. & A. Heidsieck and octaves.

Spanish Burgundy Port, in pipes and half pipes.

French do in quarters and octaves.

Small fine St. Julian C^o.

20 small packages extra Madeira Wine.

10 half, 10 full and 20 quarter casks Teneriffe do.

20 quarter casks Lisbon white do.

10 do India, Marqués do.

10 do superior Malmsey Madeira do.

40 baskets Hedrick, Necktie, Anchor and Flunga
100 baskets Cigarette, in quarts and pints.
25 packages extra heavy, 1000000 Teas
250 de Pouchong and Hoqua Black.
500 reams straw Paper, Italian Macaroni.
50 baskets from Salsol, Oil
Havana and German Segars. Aug. 6

SUNDRIES
AT 16 AND 15 ROMANOE SQUARE,
Norfolk, Va.

5600 GALLONS of bleached and
unbleached Winter and Spring Spinn
18000 gals do do Lard and Patent do
2500 boxes spern, adamantine and steam Candles
assorted sizes.
500 do patent mould and tallow do extra hard
pressed.
760 do No. 1 and family Soap of most approved
brands.
150 do toilet and shaving Soap.
Salt water, palm, and genuine old Castile Soap.
200 dozen painted Pails, Tubes, Keelers, Brooms
and Whisks.
50 half chests Gunpowder, Imperial, Oolong and
Fouchong Teas, latest importation.
10000 bils. No. 1 and 2 Mackeral, Salmon and
Pickled Herring.
2500 bags and sacks Liverpool blown and ground

rock, Table saws,
10 half pipes Latta, Hennessy and A. Seignette
brandy, vintage 1845 to 1849.
5 gr. casks A. Seignette Brandy, vintage 1845
47 do do Port, Madeira, and Sicily Madras
wine of superior quality.

ALSO,
Wrapping, Letter and Foolscap Paper; Blacking
and Blushes; Spices; grain and ground Peppercorns,
Peppercorns, Jellies, Jams; Sauces; Caviars, O
lives; Sardines; Anchovies; Sweet Oil; Coffee
&c., &c., for sale on the most favorable terms
to the trade.
W. N. MARCUS.
Aug. 6

SPRING SEAT LOUNGES, COUCH
ES, &c.—We will take orders and have
them executed at short notice for the above des
cribed and all the usual use, at low prices.
(33) Upholsterers' Materials furnished to the
trade. L. SALUBRI & BROS.,
Aug. 6 Norfolk, Va.

NO. 0 MOLASSES—Prime article in bl
for sale by J. HADY HENDREN,
Campbell's wharf, Norfolk, Va.

POETRY.

FARMER'S SONG.

BY W. L. EATON.

"A rural life is the life for me,"
Away from the city's strife,
Where the breath of Heaven is pure and
free,
And nature's full of life.
Where the earth is clothed with a lovely
green,
The flowers smiling and fair,
And the wisdom of God is distinctly seen,
In all that flourishes there.

We do not envy the man of trade,
Whose life is with cares oppressed,
Who only is happy as wealth is made,
And not when others are blessed;
His life bound up in his merchandise,
His heart absorbed in his gains,
The beauty of earth shut out from his
eyes,
But not from his soul, its pains.

We have nothing to do in 'Ambition's
ways,
And do not envy the great,
Puffed up by the hollow voice of praise,
And perplexed with the cares of State;
Elated with hope or depressed with fear,
They must run when the people call;
We are happier far in our humble sphere,
Than they in the Nation's hall.

The gifts of Heaven are freely bestowed,
The harvest our labor crowns;
No despots can reach our peaceful abode,
We quail at no tyrant's frowns.
A rural home is the home we love,
Away from the city's strife;
We bow to none but the God above—
None know a happier life.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

BY ANNIE.

In Southern lakes there blooms a flower
Of beauty rich and rare,
The female with her mystic power
Is never found elsewhere.
'Tis said that when her leaves expand,
The male goes suing for her hand;
He sees her beauty, knows her charms,
And longs to clasp her in his arms.
He gently floats close to her side,
And woos her to become his bride.
She yields; united now they're four—
Upon one stem in love profound.
The zephyrs catch their perfume—sigh;
United thus they live and die.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAST BOY.

BY FRANK FORRESTER.

It was night; very dark night. After
the hunters were asleep with
their feet to the fire, and their dogs coil-
ing up comfortably around the blazing
log-pile.
It was night; very dark night. Only
the "White Cloud" was awake, keeping
the watch in his turn; now lying down,
wrapped in his blanket, now rising steath-
ily to feed the flame, to listen to some
unaccustomed noise, to do his work, be
it what it might be soever, for the night,
but never sleeping, never dozing for one
instant.

Suddenly he started; and as he did
so, the eldest of the deer-hounds raised
his head from his paws, between which
it had been couched, pricked his ears
sharply, and uttered a low, smothered
growl; and yet, there was no sound on
the faint western air that could have
made the slightest impression on the
nerves of the quickest hunter, whose
blood was purely white.

The "White Cloud" rose, and gather-
ing up a heap of dead wet leaves and
earth, threw them upon the fire, thereby
to quell the gleam and glitter! and, that
being done, loosened his knife in the
scabbard, looked to the lock of his rifle,
and then, without tumult or disturbance,
stole into the camp, laid his hand on
Harry Archer's shoulder, and, as he rose
quietly, at the touch, from his slumbers,
said in a calm, low voice—

"Best be up, no tell you; canoe come,
quick. May-be good—tink not—any
how, best be up!"

The other Indian had risen to his feet
even before Harry, although he had not
been especially summoned; but Frank
continued to sleep soundly until his
friend stirred him with the butt of his
rifle, and he, too, started up, and, being
informed of what was in prospect, pre-
pared himself for whatever might fol-
low.

By this time the splash of paddles was
distinctly audible on the still night air,
and it soon became evident that a canoe
was making for the island from the near-
est mainland, at a point very near to that
where their own bark was beached,
directed probably by the glare of the
watch-fire, which streamed upward far
above the dusky tree-tops.

So soon as this was evident, a short
council was held, and it was determined
to advance and meet the intruders on the
margin of the water, where they would
have the advantage of light, rather than
to encounter them in the gloomy vaults
of the forest.

The Indians, though brave and fear-
less, were impressed strongly with the
idea that danger was at hand, although
Harry scouted the idea, asking them,
who on earth there was to molest them
in time of profound peace, or what pos-
sible cause there was for apprehending
an attack.

"May-be bad Indian," said the White
Cloud, shaking his head doubtfully.
"May-be Mohawk come."

For it is a strange fact, and indicative
of the great renown of that once power-
ful and martial tribe, that throughout all
the Northern Indians, from the Chippe-
ways and Pottawatomes of Lakes Huron
and Superior, to the Penobscots of
Maine and the Micmacs and Millicutes

of New Brunswick, the name of Mo-
hawk is still held in almost superstitious
awe, although, since the old French war
and the conquest of Canada, this puis-
sant and valiant race has become extinct,
all but a small and feeble remnant, whose
council-fire is still burning at the head of
the Grand River, near Brantford, in
Western Canada.

Archer knew the absurdity of the su-
perstition, but he also knew the tenacity
and tetchiness of the Indian character
when any of their superstitions are as-
sailed, and he made no reply, but pre-
pared his weapons and followed the In-
dians quietly to the shore.

The moon had just risen to the tops of
the hills, and was pouring a flood of lus-
tre over the rocks and the water, mak-
ing everything without the shadows of
the forest, almost as bright as day,
though around the thick and verdurous
evergreens, darkness still brooded.

In the skirt of the wood, therefore,
and under shadow of the thickly feath-
ered smilax, our hunters paused, ready
for either fortune, with a strip of gravelly
beach, interspersed with rocky frag-
ments, stretching some ten or twelve
yards between them and the water. To
this beach a canoe was now rapidly ap-
proaching, and was already within easy
rifle shot, propelled by the paddles of
two white woodmen, while a second ca-
noe was towed astern of them.

"There is no danger here, Cloud," said
Harry, as he saw the character of the
new comer. "I will go out and hail them.
They have seen the light of our fire and
want to join our camp. I'll warrant
them." And then, sending the action to
the wind, he stepped out into the clear
moonlight with his heavy piece in the
hollow of his arm, and hailed, in a clear,
loud voice—

"Who comes so late?"
"Friends," replied others. "Friends
all—Allan and Chestney. Who may
you be that are camped here?"

Archer at once knew the names, as
those of two well known hunters, the
only hunters residents in that region,
who dwelt in a solitary log cabin on an
adjoining lake, one having a wife and fam-
ily, and supported themselves, by the
sons of the wilderness, by the game
which they killed, and the peltries which
they sent down from time to time to the
Albany and New York markets; but he
had fallen in with them, and he certainly
valued somewhat the men of such
known reputations as "woodmen should
be so late on the way."

"Archer and Forster," he answered,
"with the 'White Cloud' and Seneca
John."

"All right," was the reply, and in an
instant the bows of the light vessel gra-
ted on the sand, and the two hunters
stepped ashore, carrying their rifles and
axe, which appeared to be all they had
with them in the canoe.
"So this is Mr. Archer," said the first
who landed. "I've often heard tell on
you, though we've never met afore in
these woods. My name is Andrew
Chestney and this here's John Allan."

"I know you, also, very well, by re-
port," said Archer, "though, as you say,
we've never met. I am glad to have
made your acquaintance. You had bet-
ter come to our camp—it's close by."

"We are glad to meet you, too, sir,"
said Allan, whose face was, however,
very sad and gloomy, "though I allow I'd
been better pleased if it had been on
another occasion; for this is a sad busi-
ness we're on."

"Come to the camp-fire, John," said
the other hunter, "as the gentleman asks
you. We can tell him about it there,
and I guess he'll try to help us."
"Certainly, I will, in any way I can.
But, first, have you supper? You are
cold and hungry, I fancy, and we have
some cold supper left. Won't you take
a drink?"

"We've eaten nothin' since noon yester-
day. We've been too hard set on our
business even to think of eatin'; and John
here he's too heart-sick."

"Well, take a drink—take a drink—
that is good for all things—heart-ache
and all." And with the word, he pulled
out two pannikins full of the good old
Jamaica, and handed it to the weary
wayfarers, who quaffed it with much
 gusto—even the we begone John Allan
nodding his head approvingly as the
choice liquor trickled down his gullet,
unused to such delicious beverages.

"We doesn't git sich stuff as that in the
woods, John," observed Chestney.

"Well, we does it, Andy," replied the
other.

"This is my friend, Mr. Forster.—
This is 'White Cloud' and this Seneca
John. Now, my boys, set to work and
broil a duck, and fry some pork. Chest-
ney and Allan, while they are making
some cold supper, sit down here by the
fire, and tell me what the matter is,
and if it can be righted, why, I'll right it."

"I fear it's too late, sir," answered the
man, and a tear glistened as he spoke, in
his dark eye. But, mastering his feel-
ings, he told, briefly, how his son, a fine
little boy of eight years, had been pad-
dling about before the door of the hut
on the previous day, when that sudden
squall arose and drifted the canoe into
the broad lake. He had been absent
hunting at the time, with their only
other canoe, or the mother would have
gone out at once and rescued the
child; as it was, several hours elapsed
before they returned from hunting, and
set out in pursuit. That pursuit had been
all but fruitless, though they had dis-
covered the canoe driven high and dry
ashore, at the very head of the lake they
were now upon, late in the evening, and
had discovered the prints of the boy's
feet in the mud, showing that he had
landed in safety. They had entirely fail-
ed, however, to track him, as he had not
apparently, entered the forest, where his
trail would have been discernible on the
moist leaves, but had kept along the dry
shingle beach, which took no imprint.

They had, however, and whooped till the
forest rang for leagues around, but had
received no answer. They had neglect-
ed to bring provisions with them in their
haste, and to shoot in their excitement,
and having discovered, by the rifle shots
which they had heard about noon, that
there was another party of considerable
numerical strength out on the lake below
them, they had paddled down all through
the night, with a view to finding their
camp, and obtaining food and assistance
in prosecuting their researches.

"And both you shall have gladly," said
Archer, "and, with God's help, we will
find the boy for you."

At about half a mile above this spot
the character of the coast altered; a long
rocky point ran out, and the outline of
the shore above it was much broken and
indented. As they rounded this point,
Archer's telescope, with which he kept
continually sweeping the shores, discov-
ered to him a sight which made his flesh
creep, and his hair bristle between hor-
ror and excitement. Where the smooth
beach recommenced above the farthest
rocky knoll, the body of the boy was vis-
ible, stretched at full length on the sand,
either dead or sleeping, while at about
half a mile above him a huge black bear
was coming leisurely along the beach,
snuffing the air as if it detected the taint
of human breath on the pure atmosphere.

"Great God!" he cried. "Look, Chief,
look yonder. What is to be done?"
The White Cloud took the glass, to
the use of which he had become accus-
tomed during his many excursions with
Archer, and gazed calmly in the direc-
tion indicated. As soon as he had caught
the object, he closed the glass, and spoke
promptly but calmly—

"Boy not dead yet; asleep; not lie
dead. Bear sh— one—made like fury;
got cubs such." Best paddle heap hard,
get there fast."

Not another word was spoken, but the
paddles were plied with a will, and the
canoe literally flew over, rather than
through, the lancing and translucent
waters. The canoe and the bear were
about equidistant from the boy when
they started, but the wind favored them,
and the canoe travelled far the fast-
est; still the suspense and agitation of
Archer was horrible, for the indentations
of the coast and a second, long, rocky
point, concealed both the child and the
monster from his view.

At this moment, attracted probably
by the fiery speed at which Archer's ca-
noe was rushing up the lake, Forrester
turned his glass likewise to the southern
shore, and discovering the child and its
peril, discharged both barrels of his rifle
in the air, and uttered a long whoop,
hoping to scare the fierce brute from his
intended prey.

"Heap bad, Frank shoot," exclaimed
the Indian. "Wake up boy, may be—
He run then, make bear madder, sartin.
How! Harry, how! how! how!"

And, wonderful as had been their ex-
periences before, they now redoubled them,
and the passage of an arrow through the
air is scarce swifter than was that of the
flying vessel through the water.

They doubled the long point, and then
it was seen how near an Indian's instinct
is akin to prophecy. The boy had been
roused from his sleep by the shot and
the outcries, had started to his feet, dis-
covered the bear, which was now within
a few hundred yards of him, and he
had turned to fly down the lake, though
his trembling limbs almost refused to
perform their office; while, exasperated
to madness at the sight of the fugi-
tive, the wild beast had set forth, with
a savage growl, hard upon his traces.

They were but just in time. As they
rounded the point, the boy, who had just
reached it, dropped exhausted to the
ground; while, gnashing its tusches, with
its eyes fiery red, and all its jaws and
throat bared in foam, the fierce brute
was within ten paces of him.

The Indian thrust the blade of his pad-
dle deep into the sand, through the shal-
low water, and the canoe in a second
and steadied it.

"Shoot brother Archer, right in breast.
Kill sartin."

And as he spoke, Harry's heavy rifle
rose to his shoulder, and he took a delib-
erate aim and fired; but his arm was
unsteady through his recent exertions,
and, though the ball took effect, it only
broke the bear's right shoulder, without
touching the vitals.

The monster rose erect with a tremen-
dous roar, beating the air with its fore
paws in senseless fury; but that attitude
was fatal to it—that roar was its last.
For, cooled by the emergency, Harry
was now as steady as a rock, and the
belled ball from his second barrel clove
its heart to the very cavity, and, though
it tore the ground with fang and claw, it
was dead ere they reached land.

The boy was easily revived, but who
shall describe the rapture of the father
as he clasped him in his arms, or Arch-
er's joy at witnessing it. That night
was passed happily and festively at their
old camp, and when Forrester and Arch-
er returned to their lowland homes, after
restoring the child to his half-distracted
mother, they carried home with them
feelings of gratitude and joy at having
been the permitted instruments of saving
human life, inseparably connected with
the memory of THE CAMP IN THE ADIRON-
DACK HIGHLANDS.—Boston Museum.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.—A NO-
BLE LAD.—On Friday a lad about 13
years of age was driving his mother
(Mrs. Humphrey) and five small chil-
dren, with the nurse, and when at the
Lake, this side of Torrington, the horse
rushed into the water, the bank being
very steep, and they were all engulfed
beyond their depth.—The mother, with
her infant in her arms, supported herself
by the bank, but, when feeling her foot
touching something by exertion she
rose to the surface, and grasped a
branch held out by some men who pro-
videntially by this time were present.
The lad seized two of his sisters, but
finding them too heavy, called for help,
when a plank being thrust out, he was
dragged on shore, he being the only one
who could swim.

He again struck out, and seeing another
of his sisters in the wagon, at the bottom
of the lake, went down and caught her
by the bonnet, and rescued her in time,
though she was insensible, to preserve
life. One more child was still floating on
the water, supported by its clothes; the
noble boy again dashed in and succeeded
in restoring the fourth one by his courage
and exertions. This nurse was saved by
grasping a stick held out by the men on
shore. She had but thirteen years of age
saved the lives of her children. The
horse was drowned.—St. Johns (N. B.)
News, July 29th.

A FRAGMENT OF ARABIC POETRY.—
An Arabian having brought a bush to a
maid's cheek by the earnestness of his
gaze, said to her: "My looks have plant-
ed roses in your cheeks; why forbid me
to gather them? The law permits him
who sows to reap the harvest."

Be careful lest too warm desire of
distinction should deceive you into pur-
suits that may over you with shame,
by setting your incapacity and slender
abilities in full light.

THE LOVERS OF VIRE.

The sun was shining as fair as the sun
could shine, on a lovely May morning—
bright, yet gentle; warm, but fresh (mid-
way between the watering-pot of April
and the warming pan of June)—upon
the beautiful valley of Vire. Stretched
at the foot of a long steep hill, crowned
by a pretty, airy looking town, whose
buildings, in some part gathered on the
very pinnacle, in others, running far
down the slope, as if coquetting with the
rich valleys that wooed them from below,
lay this loveliest of valleys that Nature's
profuse hand ever gifted, with beauty;
the soft, clear stream of the Vire wind-
ing sweetly along between the green
sloping hills, and rich woods, and fields,
and chateaux, and hamlets, and the birds
singing their song of love, as its calm
waters, silvered by the sunshine, roll
beautifully by them. Could you but
look upon it, you would not find it diffi-
cult to imagine, how the soul even of an
obscure artisan, in a remote age, warm-
ed into poetry and music, in the bosom
of that valley, and by the side of that
stream.

It was there in the beautiful Vale of
Vire, some twenty years ago, that Fran-
cois Lormier went out to take his last
May walk with Mariette Duval, ere the
relentless conscription called him from
his happy home, his sweet valleys, and
his early love; it was a sad walk, as may
well be imagined; for though the morn-
ing was bright, and nature, to her shame
be it spoken, had put on her gayest
smiles, as if to mock their sorrow, yet
the sunshine of the scene could not find
its way to their hearts, and all seemed
darkened and clouded around them.—
They talked a great deal, and they talk-
ed a long time; but far be it from me to
betray their private regrets, at this their
tender leave-taking. I would not for all
the world—especially as I know not one
word about it—except, indeed, that
Francois vowed that the image of Ma-
riette should remain with him forever—
should inspire him in battle, and cheer
him in the bivouac; and that Mariette
promised she would never marry any
body except Francois Lormier, even if
rich old Monsieur Latoussieroff, the great
Foulon, were to lay himself and his for-
tunes at her feet; in short, that when
his "seven long years were over," Fran-
cois should find her still a spinster, and
very much at his service.

"But, if I lose a limb?" said Francois.
"Believe me, I shall not love you less,"
replied Mariette.

They parted—and, first to follow the
lady, Mariette went a great deal, but
soon after she appeared calm again, went
about her usual work, sang her song,
danced at the village fete, talked with
the talkers, laughed with the gay, and
won the hearts of all the youths in the
place, by her unadorned beauty and her
native grace. But, still, Francois was
not forgotten; and when several came,
at different times, to ask her in marriage,
the good dame, her mother, referred them
directly to Mariette, who had always her
answer ready, and with a kind word and
a gentle look sent them away, refused
but not offended. At length, good old
Monsieur Latoussieroff presented him-
self, with all his money bags, declaring
that his only wish was to enrich his gen-
tle Mariette; but she was steady, and so
touching did she talk to him about her
poor Francois, that the old man went
away with tears in his eyes. Six
months afterwards he died; when, to the
wonder of the whole place, he left his
large fortune to Mariette Duval!

Meanwhile, Francois, from a light,
handsome conscript, became a brave
soldier. Attached to the great
Northern army, he underwent all the
hardships of the campaigns in Poland
and Russia, but still he never lost his
cheerfulness, for the thought of Mariette
kept his heart warm, and even a Russian
winter could not freeze him. All through
that miserable retreat he made the best
of everything. As long as he had a good
tender piece of saddle, he did not want
a dinner, and when he met with a com-
fortable bed he crept into it, and
found board and lodging combined.—
His courage and his powers of endur-
ance called upon him, from the first,
the eyes of one, whose best quality was
the impartiality of his recompense.—
Francois was rewarded as well as he
could be rewarded; but at length, in one
of those unfortunate battles, by which
Napoleon strove in vain to retrieve his
fortunes, the young soldier, in the midst
of his gallant daring, was desperately
wounded in the arm.

Pass we over the rest. Mutilated,
sick, weary and ragged, Francois ap-
proached his native valley, and, doubtful
of his reception—for misery makes sad
misanthropes—he sought the cottage of
Madame Duval. The cottage was gone;
and on inquiring for Madame Duval he
was directed to a fine farm house, by the
banks of the stream. He thought there
must be some mistake; but yet he drag-
ged his weary limbs thither and knocked
timidly against the door.

"Entrez," cried the exceedingly good
humored voice of the old dame. Fran-
cois entered, and unbidden, tottered to a
chair. Madame Duval gazed for a mo-
ment, and then rushing to the stair, call-
ed loudly "Come down, Mariette! come
down, here is Francois returned!"

Like lightning, Mariette darted down
the stairs, saw the soldier's old great
coat, and flew towards it—stopped—
gazed on his haggard face and empty
sleeves, and gasping, fixed her eyes upon
his countenance. "Was for a mo-
ment she gazed on him thus in silence;
but there was no forgetfulness, nor cold-
ness, nor pride about her heart—there
was sorrow and joy, and love and mem-
ory, in her very glance. "Oh, Francois!
Francois!" cried she at length, casting
her arms around his neck, "how thou
hast suffered!" As she did so, the old
coat fell back, and on his breast ap-
peared the golden cross of the Legion of
Honor. "N'importe!" cried she, as she
saw it, "Voila la recompense." He pressed
her fondly to his bosom. "My recom-
pense is here!" cried he, "My recom-
pense is here!"

A DUTCH STORY.—"I and prother
Hance and two oder togs, wash out
hunting next week, and we drove nine wood-
chucks into a stone heap, and kilt ten
out ob de nine before tey cot in."

YANKEE SULLIVAN KILLED.—Yan-
kee Sullivan, the notorious prize-fighter,
is reported to have been shot at Sacra-
mento city, by a man whom he struck
with his fist.

MANAGING A HUSBAND.

This is a branch of female education
too much neglected; it ought to be taught
with "French, Italian, and the use of
the Globes." To be sure, as Mrs. Glass
most sensibly observes, "first catch your
husband," and you must also first catch your
husband. But we will suppose him
caught—and therefore to be roasted,
boiled, stewed, or judged. All these
methods of cooking have their matrimo-
nial prototypes. The roasted husband
is done to death by the fiery temper,
the boiled husband dissolves in the warm
water of conjugal tears, the stewed hus-
band becomes ductile by the application
of worry, and the judged husband is
fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Wo-
men have all a natural genius for having
their own way; still the finest talents,
like the "finest piantry in the world,"
require cultivation. We recommend
beginning soon.

When Sir William L—, was setting
off on his wedding excursion, while the
bride was subsiding from the pellicud
lightness of white satin and blonde, into
the delicate darkness of the lilac silk
travelling dress, the lady's maid rushed
into his presence with a torrent, not of
tears, but words. His favorite French
maid had put out all the band boxes that
had been previously stored with all fe-
minine ingenuity, in the carriage. Of
course, on the happiest day of his life,
Sir William could not "hint a fault or
hesitate dislike," and he therefore or-
dered the interesting exiles to be replaced.
"Per vel, Sir William," said the pro-
phetic gentleman's gentleman, "you let
yourself be band-boxed now, you be band-
boxed all your life."

The prediction of the masculine Cas-
sandra of the curling irons was amply
fulfilled. Poor Sir William! One of
his guests, a gentleman whose wits might
have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for
they were always wool-gathering, con-
founded the bride with one of these an-
nual festivals when people cruelly give
you joy of having made one step more
to your grave. This said guest at his
wedding, literally wished him many hap-
py returns of the day! The polite ad-
mitter of the band boxes, found, howev-
er, one anniversary quite sufficient with-
out any returns.

"Now, we consider it somewhat hard
"to drag at each remove" such a very
perceptible chain; it might as well have
been wreathed, or gilded, or even pinch-
backed. A friend of mine, Mrs. Cald-
well, does the thing much better. We
have a domestic dialogue in Curton
street, by way of example to the rising
generation.

"I have been at Baldoe's this morning,
my love," said Mrs. Caldwell, while
going into to partnership with a perus-
sion cap maker; sticks his arm akimbo, and
looks all around him, as if he should very
much like to have a talk on things in
general with everybody in particular."

"I really do wonder," exclaimed Mr.
Caldwell, in his most decided tone,
"what you can want with anything more
in the drawing room. I am sure that it
is as much as any one can do to get
across them as it is. I will have no more
money spent on such trash."

"This fish is capital; the sauce is a
chef d'œuvre," exclaimed the lady, hast-
ening to change the discourse; "do let
me recommend it."

Dinner proceeds, enlivened by a little
series of delicate attentions on the part
of the wife. One thing is advised; an-
other, which she is well aware is her
husband's aversion, playfully forbidden
with a "My dear Francis, you are so
careless of yourself—consider less hor-
reurs de la digestion."

Dinner declines into dessert, and Mr.
Caldwell eats walnuts, peeled.
"By no hand as you may guess,"
But that of Fairly Fair."

alias Mrs. Caldwell's pretty fingers.—
Towards the middle of his second glass
of port, he perceives that there are tears
in his wife's soft blue eyes—which be-
come actual sobbings as he progressed in
the third glass.

"I see how it is, Laura; well, you
shall have the tables."

"The tables!" cried the lady, with an
air as the school-boy said of ancient
Gaul, quartered into three parts of dis-
dain, wounded feelings, and tenderness;
"I have really lost all wish for them."
It was of you, Francis, that I was think-
ing. Good God! can you weigh a few
penny pounds against the pleasure of
pleasing your wife? I see I have lost
my hold on your affections. What have
I done? I, whose whole life has but one
happiness, that of pleasing you!"

We will not pursue the subject to its
last conjugal close of tears and kisses;
suffice it to say, that the next day the
tables are sent home; not given, but on-
ly accepted as a favor.

Now this is a beautiful way of doing
business. We seriously recommend this
consideration as a study to our lady read-
ers. Scolding does much, for as the old
riddle says, "anything" is what

"Many a man who has a wife,
Submits to for a quiet life."

But, fair half of the world, out of
whose very remains the rose of the
eastern proverb has it, was formed at
the creation—flattery, that honey of the
heart, is the true art of sway. Instead of
divine, our new state secret is "flatter
to reign."

VOLITION AND DEATH.—The follow-
ing singular statement we copy from the
Louisville Journal of Thursday. During
the ravages of the cholera in this country
last season, we recollect seeing accounts
of several similar deaths:

"On Tuesday, the wife of a man named
Jaques, in the lower part of the city, was
attacked by cholera. Dr. Knight was called
in, and by his direction, Jaques went
for medicine. On his return he enquired
anxiously of the doctor how his wife was.
He was informed that she was in a
collapsed state and could not possibly
live. Thereupon he calmly took out his
watch, and handing it to his brother,
said: 'My wife is going to die, and I
cannot live without her. I shall die too.'
He seemed in perfect health at the time,
but all the symptoms of cholera made
their appearance immediately, and he
died in three hours."

Socrates did not urge his friends to
enter early upon public employments;
but first to take pains for the attainment
of the knowledge necessary for their
success in them.

LORD BROUGHAM

Is a queer fellow, if half of what is
said of him be true. An amusing pic-
ture of his idiosyncrasies is furnished in
the following extract from the last Lon-
don letter to the New York Mirror:

"Lord Brougham has been, during the
week, almost as great a lion as the hip-
potamus; the eccentric Henry has
startled his fellow peers, and astonished
the town, by a new vagary in the style
of his costume, the sight of which is
enough to break a tailor's heart. Pic-
ture to yourself the venerable and world-
renowned Erratic in white silk stockings,
silver shoe-buckles, white waistcoat,
white cravat, and black velvet coat, in
Henry VIII. style reaching to his calves.
Fancy this attire, surmounted by the
most extraordinary face in the world—
Brougham's face! Then conceive the
whole apparition fitting about the gorge-
ous chamber of the new House of Peers,
amidst all the glittering and sumptuous
paraphernalia of mediæval magnificence;
the hour three in the afternoon; a mid-
summer sun streaming through the em-
blazoned windows, the crimson benches
filled with the descendants of the chivalry
of Runemede, in presence of the
throne their ancestors so often sat up
heartily down